

"THE LONDON MAGAZINE," founded with so much enthusiasm just over two years ago, will cease publication with its July issue unless it can quickly find a new patron to replace the Daily Mirror Group which is shortly to withdraw its support.

There will be much sympathy for Mr. John Lehmann, the editor, and for his strong



JOHN LEHMANN

editorial board, which consists of Elizabeth Bowen, John Hayward, William Plomer, Rex Warner and C. V. Wedgwood. This is the third literary horse that Mr. Lehmann has had shot from under him. The first was the Penguin "New Writing" series, and the second his young and venturesome publishing house.

The cause of modern writing has rarely looked so black. Despite a monthly circulation of around 10,000 copies, it is ominous that rising costs and an absence of enlightened patronage have killed yet another literary magazine. "Encounter" is kept afloat by support from an American Foundation. Is there no British educational or artistic foundation which will subsidise a magazine for the young writer of quality?

Improved Prospect

A YOUNG politician who could be said to have come up the hard way is Mr. Richard Hornby, who contested Walthamstow West against Earl (then Mr.) Attlee in the 1955 General Election, and against Mr. E. C. Redhead in the by-election last March.

I fancy that he may shortly be at the more agreeable end of a 9,000 majority, for on Tuesday evening he is to be put forward, at a special general meeting of the Tonbridge Conservative Party, as prospective candidate for the by-election which has been caused by Mr. Gerald Williams's resignation. Tonbridge, though not quite in the Southend or Bournemouth class, is a safe seat by any normal standard.

Mr. Hornby, who is thirty-

four this year, is a Wykehamist who played football for Oxford and Pegasus, was an Eton master from 1948 to 1950, and served in the R.F.R.C. during the war. He is at present an advertising executive.

Having heard Casals play in a Tunbridge Wells cinema on his last visit to England, I can imagine that Mrs. Hornby, who in her professional life is Miss Stella Hichens, a soprano of notable gifts, may find much to do in and near her husband's constituency.

The Master Moves

SATURDAY a week ago, the third of Noel Coward's C.B.S. television programmes, "Present Laughter" made as big a splash in America as the other two, and there should be no lack of new sponsors to take him over from the Ford Motor Company, whose contract with him is up. He is due to arrive on Thursday in Paris and will spend most of the summer in France making a film.

Until the transfer of his residence to Bermuda is complete, our tax laws prevent Noel Coward from coming to England, but after this year he will be free to return for long periods.

It was this severance from London and his friends that made Noel Coward's decision to live in Bermuda a bitter one. But I gather that last year the credit squeeze, and a flurry of letters from his bank, brutally reminded him that he was fifty-seven and that unless he did something about it he was fated to spend his old age as a charge on the Actors and Orphans Benevolent Fund, of which he has been President for twenty years.

This change of residence entailed selling up his property in England, and this he is now in the process of doing, with the next sale—of his books and furniture—coming up at Knight, Frank and Rutley's in a fortnight's time.

A Good Cause

THE fifty friends who have sponsored the memorial fund to Dr. Thomas Jones, one-time secretary of the Pilgrim Trust and confidant of four Prime Ministers, are hoping to carry on his work of encouraging young writers, artists and craftsmen.

It was in 1914 that "Tory" Jones made his first serious inroad on the purses of his wealthier friends. On that occasion he went to Belgium to rescue artists and writers, and among those whom he brought out, just ahead of the Germans,

were Emile Verhaeren the poet and Emile Claus the painter.

In 1940 it was he who egged on the Pilgrim Trust to go into partnership with the Treasury in founding the organisation which eventually evolved into the Arts Council, and to sponsor "Recording Britain," by which many painters were kept going during the first phase of the war.

Sympathisers should write to

the honorary treasurer, Sir William Emrys Williams, at 4, St. James's Square, S.W.1. It is hoped that the Fund will be able to assist those young men and women of today for whom the wealthy private patron is a thing of the past.

'War House' Contrast

NO one could be less warlike in outward semblance than the new Permanent Under-

Secretary of State for War, or a greater personal contrast with his predecessor. Sir George Turner is a bluff, terse Yorkshireman, with the manner of an old soldier—he served in the ranks of the Grenadier Guards in the first world war. "Eddie" Playfair, who succeeds him, was at Eton and King's, Cambridge, and is the very picture of the intellectual, whimsical dilettante.

As Third Secretary of the

Treasury he has had in his bailiwicks the museums and galleries that receive State subvention, and he is a familiar figure at the National Gallery and the Tate. His translation to "the War House" is a tribute to one of the best brains in Whitehall.

Who Isn't Who?

A HANDFUL of completely fictitious biographies are scattered through the pages of "Who's Who in America."

The object of these dummy biographies (referred to by the American publisher as "burglar alarms") is to trap unscrupulous imitators who use "Who's Who" as a source for their own directories. It also uncovers companies who use "Who's Who" as a mailing list.

The dummies are pure fiction, but the addresses belong to members of the publisher's staff. The dummy identities are a closely guarded secret.

The publishers of our own "Who's Who," asked if this was also their practice, replied "No comment."

Speed-track

IT would not be surprising if, before John Landy returns to Australia from his American tour, the mile record will again be broken, for, in California, Landy is racing on what are probably the fastest surfaces in the world.

One of these tracks, the Bakersfield College Memorial Stadium, where Agostini of Trinidad recently broke Mel Patton's world record for the 220, has the following recipe for speed: a base of decomposed granite covered by four inches of gravel, then with a layer of rock powder with the consistency of powdered cement. Upon this is laid a surface containing 60 per cent. crushed brick, 20 per cent. clay, 14 per cent. river bottom loam and 6 per cent. calcium.

The idea is that in dry weather the calcium absorbs moisture which is retained without hardening by the brick dust. The clay binds the brick together and the loam keeps the clay from solidifying.

The origin of this alchemy was the brick dust surface of our Wembley Stadium track for the 1948 Olympics—copied at Helsinki for the 1952 Games.

For the actual bricks that went into the track we have, I believe, to thank Hitler and his demolition work in the Wembley area.

Epicurean Ex-President

WHEN Mr. Truman steps ashore next Wednesday he will have before him a seven-week programme of his own devising.

His visit to Oxford on June 20 and his dinner with the Pilgrims on June 21 are, as far as I can discover, his only official engagements. The rest of the tour is impeccably cultivated in tone. (Mr. Truman wishes, for instance, to see the ruined temples at Paestum at both sunset and sunrise.)

He has employed no travel

agent but, with epicurean instinct, has picked on the Hotel Hassler in Rome, the Grillo in Venice (still haunted, for others, by the shade of Hemingway's amorous, duck-coveting Colonel), the Grand in Florence, and the Wittbrugg in The Hague.

In one respect only has Mr. Truman bowed to expert advice. Michelin-fanciers may like to note the restaurants which have been chosen for him in France: the Auberge St. Jacques at Orleans, the Hotel France et Guise at Blois, the Auberge Otoni at Chenonceaux, and the Restaurant Lyonnaise in Tours.

Late Browsers

LONDON is, I believe, the only great city in which it is impossible to buy a book after eight o'clock at night.

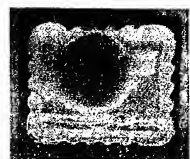
Our more enterprising shops (Better Books, for instance, in Charing Cross Road) run up against the law when they go for the late-night public; and, although there are exceptions to the general inhospitality of our bookshops (Mr. Heywood Hill's, in Curzon Street, is the last of the salons, and the new Archer Bookshop in Greek Street is to have a built-in coffee-bar at the back of the shop) the nocturnal bookman certainly has a thin time of it in London.

He is better served in New York, where the Doubleday bookstores on Fifty-second Street and Fifth Avenue stays open till midnight and claims to sell more books per square

foot than any other bookshop in the world. Some part of its success may be due to the fact, which I glean from the "Saturday Review," that "the elegance of the customers is matched only by that of the clerks. Many of the latter are stage folk temporarily 'at liberty.'"

Square Eggs

MY prize for the most horrible invention of the year goes to the squaring of the egg. American egg marketers find the egg in its present shape an



THE SQUARE EGG

unhandy product. To make eggs more functional, they will now be broken into rows of plastic containers shaped like an ice-cube tray, and sealed with a plastic covering.

The squared eggs are less fragile, more easily packed and can be stored longer. I wish the project every possible ill-fortune.

Sauce for Gander

THE tourist season is clearly in full swing again. Last week at Scott's in Piccadilly an American finished his lunch with fruit salad and mayonnaise.